

The most lamentable Tragedie

That to her brother which I said to thee.
His Napkin with her true teares all bewet,
Can do no seruice on her sorrowfull cheekes.
Oh what a simpathy of woe is this!
As farre from helpe as Limbo is from blisse.

Enter Aron the Moore alone.

Moore. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperour,
Sends thee this word, that if thou loue thy sonnes,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy selfe old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the King, he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sonnes aliue,
And that shall be the raunsome for their fault.

Titus. Oh greacious Emperour, oh gentle *Aron*,
Did euer Raven sing so like a Lark,
That giues sweet tydings of the Sunnes vprise?
With all my hart, Ile send the Emperour my hand,
Good *Aron* wilt thou help to chop it off?

Lucius. Stay Father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath throwne downe so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serue the turne,
My youth can better spare my blood then you,
And therefore mine shall saue my brothers liues.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And reard aloft the bloody Battleaxe,
Wrighting destruction on the enemies Castle?
Oh none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath bene but idle, let it serue
To raunsome my two nephewes from their death,
Then haue I kept it to a worthy end.

Moore. Nay come agree whose hand shall goe along,
For feare they die before their pardon come.

Marcus. My hand shall goe.

Lucius. By heauen it shall not goe.

Titus

of Titus Andronicus

Titus. Sirs stricke no more, such
Are meete for plucking vp, and th

Lucius. Sweet Father, if I shall be
Let me redeeme my brothers bot

Marcus. And for our fathers sak
Now let me show a brothers loue

Titus. Agree betweene you, I w

Lucius. Then Ile goe fetch an A

Marc. But I will vse the Axe.

Titus. Come hither *Aron*, Ile de
Lend me thy hand, and I will giu

Moore. If that be cald deceit, I v
And neuer whilst I liue deceiue m

But Ile deceiue you in another for
And that youle say ere halfe an h

Hee cuts off Titus

Enter Lucius and Mar

Titus. Now stay your strife, wh
Good *Aron* giue his Maiestie my
Tell him it was a hand that warde
From thousand dangers: bid him
More hath it merited: That let
As for my sonnes, say I account o
Asiewels purchast at an easie pri
And yet deere too, because I boug

Aron. I goe *Andronicus*, and fo
Looke by and by to haue thy for
Their heads I meane: Oh how th
Doth fat me with the very thoug
Let fooles doe good, and faire m
Aron will haue his soule blacke